

The B E E.

A Busy humble Bee am I,
 That range the garden sunny ;
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey :
 Bright CHLOE with her golden hair,
 Awhile my rich jonquil is,
 'Til cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
 I shift to rosy PHILLIS.
 But PHILLIS's sweet opening breast
 Remains not long my station ;
 For KITTY must be now address'd,
 My spicy-breath'd carnation !
 Yet KITTY's fragrant bed I leave,
 To other flow'rs I'm rover ;
 And all, in turns, my love receives,
 The gay wide garden over.
 Variety that knows no bound,
 My roving fancy edges ;
 And oft with FLORA I am found
 In dalliance, under hedges :
 For as I am an arrant Bee,
 Who range each bank that's sunny,
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.